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March 4, 1993

Dear Harold -

Thank you for your letter. I can't type this on my word processor because it's printing out cookie receipts for Charlotte's girl scout venture. She sold the most boxes in her troop ($550. worth!) which will take some delivering...

My story is actually a piece — chapter 3 — of the novel I'm finishing. I wish I could work on it consistently, but the death of my grandmother, Kay Swift, has robbed me of time as I labor over the mess of her estate. (Amusing British obit. + NY Times obit enclosed.) There are several publishers interested, and I have a very good agent, so the NYer publication has had the desired effect.

I don't have a snapshot of Nick and me in the nov

to send you —— no one has taken one in a while. I must see to that. You can look at him in his author photo (taken by me) on the flap of his latest book, though — Patron Saints, by Nicholas Fox Weber. Knopf, 1992. I'm enclosing an old column of mine with a reasonable photo. (It ran weekly for 2 years.)

I'm curious: How did you meet my father? He remains an enigmatic figure to me. Brilliant, unknowable, highly moral, sociopathic, remote, passionate, full of anger, full of denials. Did you know he renounced me years before he died, and chose not to know his grandchildren, whom he never met? Did you know he took me out of his will within days of learning that I was pregnant with Lucy (five years into our 16-year marriage)? It's quite tragic, all of it. In August-no-July 30 — he'll have been dead for ten years... much love - Kathy